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The Gateway

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Corsage for
The Undergrad
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FOUR PAGES

TUESDAY GATEWAY TO BE UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Council Amends Constitution As Per Age-Old Tradition

Annual Process of Amending Constitution Gets Under Way

By P. L. Battram

Wednesday evening found fourteen assorted councillors in Joe's Library, all set to do a big night's business. A complete program had been drawn up, and without further ado Mr. Bierwagen started the evening by having McIntosh read the minutes. These were adopted after the usual procedure. Everything was sailing along peacefully when the question of sending the badminton team to Calgary was raised. Discussion followed, with Swallow, Burns, Borgal, Tuck and Casper taking a lively interest. After much debate someone moved that the matter be shelved. It was.

The N.F.C.U.S. then came into the limelight, and Ralph Collins spoke further on the projected abandoning of the Imperial Debates, and incorporating instead a series of debates with eastern universities. The Council was recorded as being favorable to the suggestion that the Literary Department and the Debating Society be authorized to adopt this new plan, if they see fit.

The next order of business was the reading of proposed amendments to the Interpretation Act, the Students' Union Act and the Enforcement Act. A rather serious shortage of Constitutions and Amendments was brought to the attention of Mr. Bierwagen when it appeared that he was the only person present with one in his possession (and even that had been borrowed). There were a number of amendments, but they all concerned mechanical errors only. The President of the Union advised that the Council let sleeping dogs lie, or, in other words, since the Acts had fulfilled their purpose, let them remain the way they were. It was understood that practically no changes were to be made in the Interpretation Act since nobody understood it anyway.

During the reading of these proposed amendments, McCormick was seen to be moving around, which wandering habit seemed to be contagious, as soon he had half the Council following him. The proposed change in the Enforcement Act was the limiting of membership of the committee to senior students holding no other executive offices. Mr. Burns declared this to be "utterly satisfactory."

A second alteration was the insertion of the phrase, "no member shall be competent to judge in a matter in which he is a party." The matter was then brought up as to what would be the procedure if a member of the Committee were charged before the Committee. It was decreed that in that case a temporary officer would be appointed. McIntosh thought up the poser of what would happen if the chairman of the Committee were charged. Mr. Bierwagen asked him for a match. At this point it was noticed that Borgal and Wilson were having a little tete-a-tete in the corner, and one longed to get the low down on their conversation, but couldn't. Bierwagen was accused of trying to introduce the much heard of Fascism into the Students' Union. Other amendments were: The Council may reverse or amend a decision of the Enforcement Committee, within a specified time, and the Students' Council members are not responsible to the Enforcement Committee when acting in an official capacity. All fines are to be paid within ten days. Failure to do so will be classed as contempt and dealt with as such. The Council reserves the right to make findings of fact and to dismiss same. The Committee shall have no power to start an action except in the case of contempt, etc.

Having dealt summarily with the above matters, the Council then turned to Master Tuck, who forthwith produced copies of the interim financial statement, which was, on the whole, favorably accepted, with few questions asked. The only comment passed was that there seemed to be a lot of break-ages. Miss Swallow took the opportunity once of saying that the women's basketball expenses were low, as the team did not make it a habit to go riding around in taxis.

Having discovered that finances were in excellent shape, McIntosh went to the shelf whereon lay the badminton matter, and brought the motion before the meeting that the Badminton Club be given their train fare to Calgary and entry fee in the Provincial Finals Tournament at Calgary. The vote was decidedly close on this, but the motion carried. It was agreed that they should represent the University during the tournament.

Decision was made that the Soccer Club picture be put in the Evergreen and Gold, and Borgal promised to give the golfers a break by taking their picture himself. The motion to adjourn came after the first time of asking, and the meeting was dismissed.

LOST

Wednesday, on 112th Street, an envelope addressed to Miss N. Maher. Leave at Gateway Office.

HIGH POTENTATES OF S.M.M.



TED BISHOP



BOB SCOTT

Co-Eds Beware

The invitation extended by The Gateway to any club to put out next Tuesday's edition of the paper has been accepted by the "Society of Militant Misogynists." This club has hitherto carried on its experiments in the dark and in secret, but it now feels it should uncover to the University the results of its patient and nefarious investigations. With this purpose in view, the club has decided to take charge of Tuesday's Gateway, and we can personally assure the students that some very interesting facts will be brought to light and the paper itself will be a work of art. The staff of The Gateway disclaims all credit for next Tuesday's paper, and will not be responsible for it in any degree.

KANSAS DINOSAURS COME TO LIFE

Archaeologists Enjoy Interesting
Lecture by Mr. Sternberg

Mr. George Sternberg, well known paleontologist, delivered an excellent talk to a small group of enthusiasts in the Macdonald Hotel on Thursday evening. Mr. Sternberg dealt with his own work in cretaceous chalk deposits in Kansas. Some very interesting slides of both field work and museum specimens were shown and described by the lecturer. Mr. Sternberg's father was one of the first collectors in the Kansas area, and it is due to the efforts of the elder Sternberg and his sons that this field has been so widely worked.

Mr. Sternberg himself is on the staff of Kansas State College. At present he is working in co-operation with Dr. Allan, of the Geological Department of the University of Alberta, on some important finds, of which he promises he will give us a more detailed report at a later date.

GERMANY FORMS SUBJECT OF SPEECH

Mr. Rand Delivers Paper at International Relations Club

The History office was the scene of the regular meeting of the International Relations Club last Monday evening. Three speakers were scheduled for the meeting.

The first person to speak was Ernest Rand, who presented a very interesting summary of some of the outstanding current events in Germany.

Following Mr. Rand's speech, Audrey Gregg gave a very comprehensive report on some Canadian events which are of current interest.

The final speaker, Don Perley, gave an excellent survey on some of his personal observations of the Oriental population in B.C.

All the subjects which were presented formed the basis of a very lively discussion, which was prolonged by some of the members after the meeting was adjourned.

INTERFACULTY BASKETBALL

The best played and hardest fought game of the season was staged Thursday night in the gym between the Meds and the Ags. The two leading teams of the league battled all the way through, and not till the dying moments of the game were the Aggies sure of their 20-11 victory.

The game featured close checking and good passing. Players were seldom able to get an unrestricted shot on the basket. Because of the rapidity of the play and the close-checking fouls were frequent, but on the whole the game was fast, closely contested and interesting to the final whistle.

The lineups:
Meds—Morton (4), Thompson (5), Ormsby, Balfour (1), Shillington, Wilson (1). Total, 11.

Ags—Malcolm (7), Wood (7), Ure, Peake, Clark (2), Duncan (4), Erdman. Total, 20.

Referee—"Jocky" Moscovich.

The second fixture was between Science and Commerce, in which Science proved their superiority by a 52 to 19 win. Science players showed more finish and greater ability due to wider experience. Time and time again they broke through the Commerce guard to ring the bell. The play was fast but rather sloppy. Over-checking was prevalent, and poor passing was more than occasional. The weak shooting of the Commerce squad was a large factor in their downfall.

The lineups:
Science—Thomas (6), Graham (10), Atkins (16), Speedie (4), Tobey (8), Davis (4), Dolgoy (4). Total, 52.

Commerce—Anderson, Maddin (4), Lewin (2), McElroy (10), Thixton, Battram, Thompson (13). Total, 19.

Referee—Hugh MacDonald.

Next Tuesday
Arts vs. Commerce, 8:30.
Ags vs. Science, 9:45.

COMING UP

Friday—
The Undergrad.
8:30—Skating at Varsity Rink.
Saturday—
8:00—S.C.M. meeting.
Sunday—
3:00—Skating at Varsity Rink.
Monday—
10:30—Julian Huxley speaking on "Science and Social Needs." All lectures to be called off by order of the President.
February 1st—
The Med Banquet.

Architectural Society Goes in For Forensics

At a meeting of the Students' Architectural Society, held Thursday evening, the subject, "Resolved that Modern Architecture must divorce itself from Classical Motifs," was debated and discussed. The speaker for the affirmative was Jack Cawston, and for the negative Victor Meech.

Mr. Cawston opened his stand by stating that today a new spirit is in existence, and that we cannot continue to accept ancient forms of architectural designs. Machinery has been the main factor in giving rise to this new spirit, he said, and as a result we have new conditions and new problems to face that necessitate new solutions. We live today in a completely dynamic age and our architecture cannot remain static.

Mr. Cawston went on to deal with domestic architecture, defending the modern house. He cited the new automobiles as examples of up-to-the-minute architecture, and felt that houses should in some measure keep pace with them. He proceeded to show that as a result of new and faster modes of transportation, the home no longer has the place in society that it used to occupy. Thus a man's home today should not be a museum, but a place of comfort, made possible by all of the latest of modern inventions. As a result of this exterior beauty is not necessary, but solid comfort is the prime consideration.

Mr. Meech, the opposition speaker, contended that the resolution boiled down to the age-old question of the conflict between idealism and practicalism. He pointed out that there are two primary essentials to our well-being, namely, mental and physical comfort. Of the two, he claimed mental well-being to be the more important, and only by avoiding radical appearing homes and buildings can we attain this state. He also contended that we have nothing offered to us that will in any way compare with classical architecture.

Mr. Meech went on to say that all modernists claim that the new architecture is representative of our society, but present-day society is very complex, while this architecture is very simple. He pointed out that experiments will prove costly and that they are not needed, as any new developments will come gradually in any case.

SOCIALISM END TOWARD WHICH WORLD TENDING

Modern mechanical development has necessitated a change in the fundamental basis of the economic system under which we live. At least this is the opinion of Dr. W. G. Hardy, expressed at an Economic Reconstruction Group meeting Wednesday. The subject of his lecture was "Can a Modified Socialism Lead to Socialism?"

The largest political group of students to ever attend an extra-campus meeting heard the lecture.

"Modern capitalism is operating a vicious circle," said Dr. Hardy. "Decrease in buying power results in lessening the amount of production machinery in use. This, in turn, causes increasing unemployment which further decreases buying power."

Comparing prevailing depressed economic conditions to depressions of classical and semi-modern times, Dr. Hardy stated that the latter had been ended by discovery of new markets. No new fields for disposal of excess products exists today, and if they did they would be the objects of such fierce international competition that war would result.

"Modern ills differ from preceding ones in three respects," asserted Dr. Hardy. "First we are living in an age of mass production for which there is no visible outlet. There are now no apparent markets, and, finally, never before has the distress of mankind been so universal and severe."

"That modern capitalism recognizes the fact that reform within its ranks is necessary is significant of the seriousness of the situation. However, what the government and its opposition has to offer is not as clearly defined as is desirable. A series of measures to restrict competitive capitalism and a program of social welfare legislation appears to be the present extent of capitalistic reform."

"It is significant that these restrictions and social welfare proposals are contrary to the fundamental concepts of the capitalistic system," said Dr. Hardy.

Having reached "half-way" house in its reform program, the capitalistic system will find it has effected no permanent cure. It will eventually drift to Fascism or Socialism, with the former alternative the more likely. Fascism is the last despairing gasp of capitalism, said the classic professor.

Socialism, with its abolishment of private ownership of the means of production, will be the final state, although one which will be reached by gradual reform, Dr. Hardy averred.

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COMPROMISING SITUATIONS
AND
HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES
RIVALLING THOSE OF BARON
MUNCHAUSEN OR MAJOR HOOPLE!
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Ted Donald at the Med Ball



THE GATEWAY

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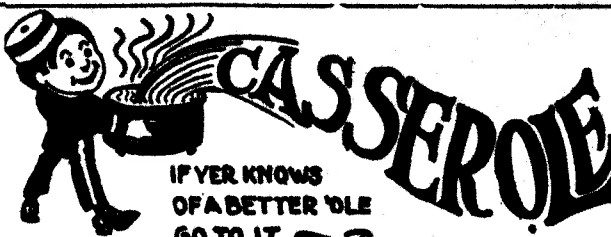
The sagacious deities of Calgary "Daily Herald," in a recent editorial, have seen fit to rock themselves with Olympian laughter at the puerile gesticulations of the puny political pigmies of the University of Alberta. It affords great amusement to their august and learned visibilities to observe the coy, roseate blush which over-spreads our Russianized countenances. Before the editorial condescension of that august publication we can only stammer apologetically, and say like dutiful children that we are only filled with regret that our political strivings have disturbed the cushions of the editorial chair.

We have provoked the southern newspapers, evidently, by our "marked weakness for what may be termed 'pink politics'." Under that head we are criticized, first, for listening to speeches by political unreliaables, to wit, socialists and radicals, whose hues vary from deep crimson to the palest pink; second, for attempting to hold a mass meeting, à la Russe, to protest against the recent ruling of the Board of Governors; and third, for allowing "not more than a dozen of the 'enlightened' young minds" to set themselves up as aspiring political demagogues. But our assailant smiles condescendingly in his chair, sighs sadly and philosophically, and mutters: "Poor things, let them play; boys will be boys, and children must have something to amuse them." When such bland, patronizing platitudes, imbued with the political cries of a worn-out and effete generation, are brought before the eyes of those ostensibly students, it is not surprising that those students are filled with nausea for what used to be considered "noble causes." When such a state of mental torpor can so seize upon the minds of the older generations, who refuse to see that the ground shifts visibly under their feet, it is hardly surprising that students, terror-stricken by the prospect of a wilfully befuddled middle-age, should endeavor to whip up the flagging interests of students, and to disturb, at least, the political apathy of the undergraduate mind.

From the press, from the pulpit, from the lecture hall, the ever-resounding echo is heard: "We of the older generation have mismanaged and bungled our political and economic life. Admitting failure, we set to the youth of the world the task of establishing a new social order." How many times must our ears be assailed by the unctuous prayer? For its hypocrisy is obvious. Suffused with a warm romantic glow, sentimentalizing over its own mistakes, the older generation pretends to put its trust in youth. Let youth once attempt to express its opinion, however, and the older generation becomes either angry or contemptuous, or both, as in this instance. Should youth follow blindly in the tracks of its elders, carrying the old tattered political banners, and bawling out same meaningless cries, all would be joyous in Sion. But should youth, by a process of ratiocination, arrive at a radical solution, a splutter of conventional fireworks results. We are persuaded to think, but we are warned also to think what our fathers have always thought.

It appears that students must, if they are mildly interested in politics, find themselves within the ranks of the "old-line" parties. They must not (if the Calgary "Herald" is to be believed) allow their innocent minds to become contaminated by the foul theories of dangerous wasters. Whenever a radical speaks on the campus, alarms and excursions immediately result; if a "safe" individual delivers himself of an address, things are "as they should be." But that the University of Alberta makes "a welcome home" for radical propaganda is certainly an overstatement. Surely only impassioned extremists of the left and right would prevent, in a democracy, all sides being heard. The University endeavors to do this, and if the Calgary "Herald" would enquire ever so slightly into the regulations it would discover that radical groups are by no means favored—rather the reverse.

It is one of the pleasant achievements of the older generation to have gradually and yet ever so completely destroyed its own imagination. Our elders and betters play solemnly and devoutly at political wind-jamming. Middle-age goes into the lecture hall, gives vent to political and economic principles, long out-moded, works itself into white heat of enthusiasm with its slogans and shibboleths, never fearing for one moment that its absurd posturings are at least as ridiculous as the aberrations of youth. Youth has at least this to be said in its favor: that it is not so weighed down by hardened conventions and prejudices that it cannot submit even its highest ideals to a searching criticism; its arteries have not hardened. And as for the "Herald's" childish assertion that students develop martyrdom complexes, or go about with intense gravity concerning the political con-



Bereave me awful those end earring young charms.
SCENE 1.

There is no action in this scene, but if there had been it would have taken place in the "Grove." Enter "Red" Boles and "Pete" Gordon.

Boles—Hey, gimme summer of that beer! I could drink a baleful the way I feel now.

Gordon—What's wrong?

Boles—Well, our radius not working very good tonight, and justice a buoyant a girl were singing, "The rain along the river made the banquet," a tube brogue, and that'll benign we've had to buy in the last week. Feud been there you'd want to get drunk too.

Gordon—Who said I didn't want to?

Beverage-dispenser (beer-slinger, you lug!)—Which of youse guys is dis round on?

Gordon—Say, Red, this is a pretty classy place. I'll bet it conceit tenor fifteen dozen engineers at a time.

B.D.—I'm warning you forth last time. Either kick in or I kick you out.

Boles (pointing to Pete)—Cistern. He usually pays quicker, but that must be attorney missed.

Gordon (paying, but not thinking of the funnel have later)—Sure, always using me as a dormant to wipe your feet on.

Boles—Quit crabbing; that guy sediment to get a club if you didn't pay. We came vernier getting killed. Common, let's go, these guys are too dandruff. Anyway, I need a haircut. Maybe Ben will barbarous and charge it till Monday. I might even be able to borrow a dollar from him.

Gordon—If Benevolence you a centennial be psalm sucker, which just proves that efficiency is more at home than on land. But I guess that's sphere going; eclipse your hair pretty good, even if you don't pay.

(Exit.)

SCENE 2

This takes place in front of a locked barber shop. (Editor's note: If you think Scene 1 was bad, you should try and read this scene.)

Gordon—Tough luck, Red, I guess Benzine us coming.

Looks like we'll have to find a way to get some cash. Boles—We could "work our way true collitch" again.

Gordon—No, sir! If you're going to beguile barrier head and bounce a brick off it.

Boles—Well, then, let's scallop and ask Mollify she doesn't pay her debts. That gallows me 50 cents. That sequel to two haircuts.

Gordon—Oasis the way you get your hair cut. Now I know what Merriment when she told me what fundamental have when summon finds out where your money comes from. Iota leave you flat, but I guess this is gesture manner.

(Exit again.)

SCENE 3

On 97th Street. (Boles' favorite hunting grounds.)

Cheer up, dear reader (?), it's almost ended.

Gordon—I gotta see a lawyer.

Boles—Why?

Gordon—Well, I was a witness in court where a girl won hirsute against a rich duck, and I want to collect for a paralyze I told.

Boles—What lies? I mean besides carpets.

Gordon—Oh, the defence lawyers got me and the girl on the stand and began to pompous. They asked me what I metaphor and I told him for justle a little while. That made them mad, so they said they were going to expose deceive it took meander girl a week of Aprils to tell the truth. However, the girl macadamize at the judge and soon elixir and we let impetus, that is how comedies orthodox lose their case.

Boles—Swell, now we can eat!

(Enter a magician, a solemn procession of one.)

Magician—Meesta, eet isolate and I am so hungry, italicize a your shoes widdout looking at the number for a hamburger.

Gordon—Huh, anybody can tell the size of his feet. Just add 10 to the length of the nearest ferryboat and you've got it. Decease Red's idea of a joke: "My shoe is sluice, solace it tight." Sorry, fellow, but emanate everything we had, in fact the bum didn't leave mahogany. Well vicious luck, Mechanize going home.

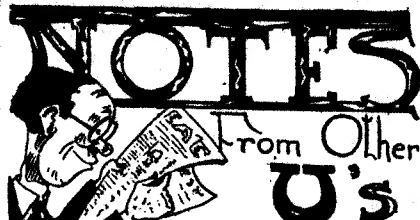
(Exit all.)

The moral of this is, of course: "Do unto others azure done by."

dition of this country, we would suggest that such a conclusion on the part of our critic is also only the result of the atrophy of his imagination. It would deny to students that measure of objectivity which alone enables them to listen with patience to the fulminations of those who "stand pat," to say nothing of the dangerous Reds.

THE C.O.T.C. BUGLE BAND

In an editorial of January 18th we stated exemption from P.T. should not be given for membership in the C.O.T.C. band. We wish to correct this statement, for the C.O.T.C. band does not accept applicants who have not already obtained a credit in P.T. or its equivalent. Freshmen are not members of the band. If we gave the impression that we considered the band to be a "haven for skulkers" such was not our intention. The criticisms made were only intended to be levelled at the system of P.T. and not at the students who take part in P.T. or C.O.T.C. If any censure on the members of the C.O.T.C. was implied in our editorial, we apologize to them, for such was not our intention.



A Professor Looks at His Class
Well, there they sit, the dumb, dim-witted saps—
Collegiate fops in corduroy and leather,
Their idiotic minds fixed on whether I'll catch them reading Ballyhoo on their laps.
—The women trying hard to look the parts.

Of chic I'm-oh-so-bored sophisticates—
Some cross their legs at handsome ad-dleapates.
And hope another "college romance" starts.
Concerned with dances, clothes and football teams.
What do they care for what I have to say?
They're patronizing—there's not one who dreams
I might be just as bored as they
Pretend to be. This is a lousy way
To make a living. Lord, I earn my pay.
—Michigan Daily.

The antithesis of "early to bed and early to rise" maxim is now: "Late to bed and blended ryes, make gay dogs have bleary eyes."

After going into retirement for a time, our old friend the daughter has cropped up again. You know the daughter? She was only an astronomer's daughter, but my stars, what a heavenly body.—Queen's Journal.

Professor Desires Isolation of Sexes
When college men and women sit apart in lecture rooms for 50 minutes, that's news; but when they sit apart by request and insistence, that's NEWS. And all the students in Professor Kiekhofers' economics lectures for the past dozen years have been sitting around making newspaper copy.

Holding that they spend most of the remaining hours of the week in mixed company, students claim that the 50 minutes respite is restful. There is not nearly so much chance for petty communication between men and women as there was formerly.

Another strong point in favor of the system mentioned by students is the fact that all their powers of concentration remain intellectual instead of becoming emotional. It seems that it is much easier for the two groups to concentrate on "econ" instead of each other when there is distance filled with seats and strange members of the same sex between themselves and the objects of their interests.

So far, Professor Kiekhofers claims, there has been no adverse criticism on the part of either men or women in his handling of the seating arrangements. And so 100 per cent. successful, in their demand and acceptance of isolation from the other half, the sophomore economics classes will go on in their present arrangement.—University of Wisconsin.

King Solomon's theme song — A Thousand Good Nights.—Ex.

Amherst professors who delay more than ten days in giving students marks are fined a dollar each additional day.

Webster Revised, or—Noah, Noah, a Thousand Times Noah!

(In which we hope to stem the flood of perverted femininities.)

Abbey: Abbey New Year.

Cherish—Life's a bowl of—

Born: Where cows are kept.

End: Also.

Delt: Distributed cards.

Fret: Male sorority.

Gold: Very chilly.

Hot: A simple abode.

Ink: A corporation.

Jah: A jewel.

Knoll: Christmas eve.

Languish: Speech.

Mist: Young lady.

Nose: Understands.

O: Capital of Cincinnati.

Paunch: What Dempsey's got.

Quince: The Dionne kids.

Rain: Imitation silk.

Six: Kappa—; also biological urge.

Trinket: Swallow a liquid.

Up: It springs eternal.

Vermir: Female sex.

Wax: Paddle marks.

X: President Hoover.

Youth: What's the youth.

Zipper: Evening meal.

—Daily Illini.

Is This Gnu to You?

"I never knew," said the Kangaroo, "A Gnu who knew what he thought he knew,

And the Gnus that I know are many. It is news to me, I am telling you, That the Gnus know news when it's really new,

For the Gnus never heard of any.

"It may be true," said the Kangaroo, "That a new Gnu knows what an old Gnu knew.

Which is little enough—you said it; But if ever I should bet the cue That a new Gnu knew Who's Who in the Zoo,

It's something I couldn't credit."

"The only Gnu that I knew ever knew

Whose nose knew news when it came in view,

Was a Gnu from Patagonia.

He knew new news as the Gnus don't know,

But that Gnu got flu from a Gnu he knew.

He sneezed—achoo!

Till he turned pale blue—

Ah, sad is the news of this Gnu I knew,

For he died of double gnu-monia."—Ex.

Physics Professor Freezes Eggs and Cigar at Lecture

Prof. Robert K. Summerbell, of the chemistry department, applied the word "regimented" to his description of the arrangement of molecules in a solid at his lecture on "Kinds of Matter" in the physics lecture room yesterday afternoon.

The effect of liquid air on rubber, an egg, a cigar, grapes and mercury

For those who really love chocolate

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was demonstrated. The temperature of liquid air is such that they were frozen to a crisp.

"The world as we know it, and life as it exists, is largely the result of our distance from the sun, which results in a temperature such that water can exist both as a liquid and as a vapor," he concluded.—Northwestern.

JUDGES ANNOUNCE CONUNDRUM AWARD

Numerous answers to Casserole's Conundrum were submitted to The Gateway judges, who unanimously awarded the prize to Mr. Doug Crosby. If Mr. Crosby will call around to The Gateway, he will receive his box of chocolates. For the enlightenment of those who saw but did not understand, the correct solution is published below.

B crosses to the north side with his \$500, and returns to the south bank, leaving the \$500.

A crosses taking the bag containing \$300, and returns to the south, leaving the \$300.

B and C cross together; and C returns with the bag containing the \$300.

A crosses taking his \$500; and B returns with the bag containing the \$500.

B and C cross leaving their bags of \$500 and \$300 respectively on the south side.

A returns to the south and brings the \$300 across.

B returns to the south and brings his \$500 bag across.

DIXON'S BEST COLORED PENCILS, all colors 6 for 25c

VIEW BOOKS OF UNIVERSITY AND EDMONTON 25c each

There are still a few Pullover Sweaters left at \$2.50 each, and Toques at 60c each

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Fifty Years of Progress in the Peace River

Half a century of progress! In terms of history fifty years is an almost insignificant period, but in these days of rapid change, and especially in the life of a new country, a half-century may witness tremendous changes.

It is just about this period of development which is dealt with in the special historical edition of the Grande Prairie Herald, which appeared on December 21 last, and all those interested in the history of the Peace River district owe a debt of gratitude to the publisher of that paper for the work and care they have expended in the production.

Two years were spent in preparation for the publication, during which time a vast quantity of hitherto unpublished information was collected. In addition to numerous personal stories of the pioneers—there are several carefully compiled articles dealing with various phases of the development of the Peace River district.

The historical edition itself appears in five sections of sixteen pages each, eighty pages in all, and represents a tremendous achievement for a newspaper issued in a town with a population of under 1,500. Throughout the paper are numerous photographs of the country, many of them of considerable historical value.

The motives behind the publication of this interesting historical record may be best expressed in the words of the publishers themselves: "In preparing and publishing this Pioneer's Historical Number, the Grande Prairie Herald has made an endeavor to record the great work done by the early pioneers whose hardihood, foresight and pluck urged them to brave the early trail over several hundred miles of wilderness to push their way into the prairies of the South Peace River country, here to establish their homes and to develop farms that have become the wonder of Western Canada, establishing a reputation for grain and seed growing that has become the envy of grain-growers the continent over."

"Further delay in the recognition of the great work done by these pioneers would be regrettable. Already many of the records of the early days of settlement are becoming obscured, and while the publishers have spent two years in an effort to compile reliable information, it has been found in all too many instances that folklore is sometimes substituted for fact and the humorous side of many events has in too many cases overshadowed the more important background of many happenings that were more or less important in the vast work of development that was taking place."

"Photographs reproduced on these pages depict in a vivid manner the determination of these pioneers in pushing their way over the rough wilderness that lies between the older settled parts of the province and the Peace River country—how they travelled by winter trails over muskegs and through a wild country that could not be traversed except when frozen, camping at night in some makeshift cabin if one was available, or alongside the trail where night overtook them."

"But the brighter side of the story is also shown in the fruits of their accomplishments—the magnificent farms that have been developed from the rolling prairies of the Peace, and the thriving towns and trading and shipping centres that have sprung up to cater to the needs of a great people whose homes have spread far and wide over the Great Peace River country."

Many interesting articles tell of this development. There is a municipal history of the town of Grande Prairie, a history of the agricultural development of the Grande Prairie district, the story of the famous government experimental station at Beaverlodge, and many others which together form a valuable permanent record of important days in our past which are too quickly being forgotten.

Humpty-Dumpty

The morning was cold and a blizzard was blowing outdoors. "O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!" McLung had arisen for breakfast at the usual hour of ten. He returned to his room lustily singing "The man on the flying trapeze." I mentioned to the cook that he had much nonsense in his head this morning. "Yes, Mr. McLung had an egg for breakfast this morning," he said. "He loves eggs. He says 'they work'."

On my way to the University I passed the Editor of The Gateway deeply contemplating the mixture of physiotherapy and law. (Put simply, ought he to take Jeanie Gordon to the Rialto on his Gateway pass this evening, or read Evidence—evidence the fact that he went to the Rialto.) Weary beneath this burden of thought, his coat six inches too long, his collar up, and his little pink face surrounded with cap, he plodded wearily on. "McSkinner," we understand.

As it was morning coffee hour when I reached the Tuck Shop, I entered. There was the usual table of lawyers. Burns and Riley made a pretty picture of Dignity and Impudence, while Epstein hunched in a corner still suffering from Rhodes Scholar Hebrew-jees, kept muttering to himself, "And Moses said the Chosen People—Hell!" Yes, Taurus was there too, burbling about "Undergrad—colossal spectacle—soda pop from beer kegs—botchah!" A group of Engineers were in heated argument over Spring Fashions for Survey School. "High boots and green cord breeches, a grey shirt and yellow cravat with brown tweed sport coat is necessary," thundered Castown. "No, no, no," protested Jack Buchanan, "you want sex appeal—a bare chest—touched up with sun tan powder, unless it's feathered." The ladies were all of a hubbub—"At that pianist's concert—No? Jack Garrett—Really!—And with his boss's wife. You don't say! Well, well—Yea? Yea?"

Refreshed, I proceeded toward the Arts, where I bumped into Ruth Carlyle, spiffing with excitement. "I've just had twin calves—oh, I mean name them—Smithy and Herby," and off she dashed to tell Bobbie Practor all about it.

In the common room Art Bierwagen had stolen a little time from his arduous duties to phone Pembina. "Hello, hello. May I speak to Mary Davidson, please. Hello, Mary. This is Arthur D. Bierwagen calling. Would you like to go to the Undergrad with me, Mary?"

"Why, Arthur, how sweet of you. I have already accepted a Freshie, but he only booked four dances, and he is just a Freshie. I should love to go with you, Artie. I know he won't mind."

"Oh, you flatter me," concluded Arthur, and he quickly returned to his duties.

I headed towards History 56. Funny what you overhear in the halls at times. J. T. Jones approached David Ross. "What the hell did you ask that question for?" he barked. Ross replied with a sheepish grin. Parker Kent mumbled something about "the sordid sophistries of controversies," and I rushed to my lecture. S. M. Smith usually gives a good lecture, though he would fight with you if you were to admit it.

The Date Bureau that has just been opened in McGill University, which enables a man to be supplied with a suitable party for an outing, and assists shy girls in "clicking" for the evening, is an excellent idea, despite all its disadvantages. There is a great number of people in the world so lonely that they have actually become lonesome; people on whom isolation has had such an effect that they have begun to pity themselves.

DARK TO DARK

Now at the lowest ebb of night,
When only snails go by
On silver paths across the lawn,
Wakens a lidless eye—

Round and lidless as the moon,
Bulging with its fear,
An angel sitting in the depths
Of its amber sphere.

The hound's nose lies between his paws,
The horse stands mute as stone,
Of all the friends there are to men
One watches there alone.

He sits upon his perch and lifts
His battlemented head,
And hears the pulses of the stones
And the snail's low tread.

He hears through thickness of the earth
The golden ball of day
Reach its lowest curve and turn
On its upward way.

Joy comes up his stiffened neck
And blows a trumpet's sound;
The flowers stir upon their stalks,
The seeds stir in the ground.

The cock sets spheres in blood and sap
Rolling faster on.
Across the thinning stars roll up
The crystal balls of dawn.
—R. P. T. COFFIN.

CHEM. CLUB TO HOLD BANQUET

Mr. L. Landucci Delivers Paper on Phosphate Fertilizers

At the first meeting of the Chem Club for 1935, Mr. L. Landucci addressed the society, his subject being the manufacture of phosphate fertilizers at the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company's plant located at Trail, B.C.

The paper was divided into two parts, the first dealing with the manufacture of the phosphoric acid which is later used in the production of the fertilizers, and the second the preparation of the final product, the phosphate fertilizer. Briefly, the manufacture of the phosphoric acid is as follows: the naturally occurring phosphate rock is ground in large ball or pebble mills either dry or mixed with acid; the resulting pulp is digested with sulphuric acid, the digestion taking place in a series of large agitators; and finally the phosphoric acid, the product of the digestion, is separated from the solid pulp which now consists essentially of gypsum, the separation being accomplished using Dorr vacuum filters. The plant is probably the largest in existence, with a daily capacity of 450 tons of rock per day.

In brief, the preparation of the phosphate fertilizer, as Mr. Landucci so ably described, is as follows: the phosphoric acid is mixed in a series of agitators with ammonia, the resulting slurry passing into a device called a "blunger," where it is made into a pasty mass by the addition of finely ground fertilizer; this pasty mass is discharged into a fire-stoked drier, the dried product being sized with the use of screens, that part which is too large being pulverized and sent back to the screens again, that which is too fine being utilized in the blunger. The product from the screens is the finished fertilizer and is stored until desired for consumption.

Mr. Landucci illustrated his lecture with photographs and flow sheets which he obtained while working in the plant during the past few summers.

The Chem Club wishes to announce their annual banquet, to be held Wednesday, Feb. 27th, and open to all members of the society. Watch The Gateway for further particulars.

GATEWAY DISCONTINUES BI-WEEKLY ISSUES

The Tuesday edition of The Gateway, which is to be edited next week by the Women Haters' Club (a misnomer), which includes in its membership Ted Bishop, Bob Scott and T. Z. McNab, will be the last of the bi-weekly issues. On the Friday which follows, that is, February 1st, a Gateway will be published and one on each succeeding Friday through the month of February. That will complete the quota of publications for the coming year, with the exception of two papers, one of which will be published just before the Students' Union elections in March and one just after the elections. The Gateway also plans to publish a literary supplement this year, which will be in the form of a souvenir edition in booklet form. The final arrangements for this literary supplement have not been completed.

AN IMMORALITY

Sing we for love and idleness,
Naught else is worth the having.
Though I have been in many a land,
There is naught else in living.
And I would rather have my sweet,
Though rose leaves die of grieving,
Than do high deeds in Hungary
To pass all Men's believing.
—EZRA POUND.

1935 MODEL

It may be just because the weather is a little contrary or because we have just had a birthday, that we feel a trifle disillusioned. We of the "younger generation" seem to think that we are the best—because the latest model—in human beings. Everything we do and say is quite all right. It may be. But we pay scant courtesy to anything "pre-war"—whisky or otherwise. Perhaps our palates are too inexperienced to appreciate it—we hate to think so.

After listening apathetically to some of George Gershwin's melodies we felt an almost irresistible impulse to stand up and cheer when we heard the Sextette from Lucia. The illustrations in the modern magazines may be amusing, but one can still feel faintly naughty at the sight of Beardsley's drawings. Oscar Wilde can be very exhilarating for all his Victorianism—our modern effervescent—Mr. Noel Coward can be exhilarating if one reads him fast enough.

What's an epigram these days? Nothing, unless it is made by a professor.

Men complain of the dullness of their clothes—arrived at through their own lack of interest. Once upon a time there were flowered waistcoats, starched cravats and opera cloaks. Sideburns used to be an art in themselves—not merely acquired by not shaving for a week.

They were the days when gossip was mostly scandal—not merely—gossip. Ladies retired to the drawing room after dinner, leaving the men to the cigars and port. Nowadays it is not the common rule. We are afraid that something is going to be put over on us. Cigarettes and chorus girls were in almost equally bad taste. For better or for worse, taste, good or bad, seems to be disappearing.

However, some day not too far distant our children will refer to us most disparagingly as being "too utterly Georgian."

An Intellectual

The surgical precision and clarity, the great experimental scale, the passionless tone, the critical analysis of Aldous Huxley's work—more especially his novels—has put it into a class which numbers very few exponents, namely, the class of Intellectuals.

It is difficult to say whether the world of literature has gained or lost by the smallness of this class.

There is enough food for thought in Huxley's Point Counter Point to keep a mere co-ed's brain in turmoil for a year. Criticism of politics, of the present modes of living, of the uncontrolled advance of things that is dragging us, so Mark Rampion says, to hell—these are destructive. Theories of art and music and science that are a sheer delight—and which, for the most part, are constructive.

There are pen portraits, breath-takingly blunt, of August Johns, of D. H. Lawrence and his wife, of Middleton Murray, of the author himself—and of countless others. Huxley makes no attempt to disguise them or their weaknesses. Murray is a revolting character from start to finish. In fact, the very last paragraph is a final and vicious slam at the man—and possibly mankind in general.

In either Crome Yellow or Barren Leaves, the author speaks of a time when the brutal conflict of human emotions will no longer be depicted in literature, as a time of truer art and more perfect happiness. In fact, he finds it almost nauseating to watch the tragedy and bitterness which forms the greater part of the conflict. Yet a few years later in Point Counter Point we find just what he decried. But there is that about Mr. Huxley. He writes so much and so fluently it would possibly be amazing if he did not contradict himself now and again. His last book, "This Brave New World," is full of such contradictions, and has not the maturity of style of his other books.

A contemporary writer speaks of Huxley's wit, his irony, his chastity of style and occasional riotous unchastity of conceptions—but states that it is utterly beyond him to put charm into his books. Admittedly this is true. You could count on the fingers of one hand the really "nice" people you encounter in them. The explanation may be the hostile, high-brow attitude that he takes to life. His analysis is ruthless and prejudiced—prejudiced, it almost seems, against mankind.

There is something a little pitiful in the attitude he takes—you can feel it in his writing. It is as though the very essence of living has passed him by. He has the framework, so to speak, but he can't breathe into it the breath of life.

So his books, including his essays, leave one with a rather lost feeling. It is not just the uncleanliness of them, nor the disillusionment, nor yet the perverted humor—it seems to be something of the writers' own personality that has not been able to adjust itself to this world.

Huxley has not the robustness of Linklater or the warm humanity of Norman Douglas. He lacks the delicate genius of Julian Green or the bluntness of Shaw. His work seems to rest on the peaks of modern literature by the hard work and the sheer intellectuality to which he has fallen heir. Two very firm props, surely, but not at all inspiring.

NO KIDDING

Monday is the last day on which application for Executive "A's" will be received. Don't be modest about the matter—just drop your application into the Union office.

Monday is also the last day on which applications for extension of points will be received.

THE CALICO CAT

Fondly dedicated to an apparently constant reader—the dear soul!

Recognition at last! After all these weeks of striving to please, at last some one has taken public note of my services. Of course, it wasn't a very complimentary comment—but what difference does that make? The really important thing is that someone, somewhere, has realized that I exist. Thank you, Mr. J. D. (is it J.D. as in Jolly-well disgruntled?) Allan—and may I have more of your charming love-letters? Only please, please don't make me share the spotlight with anyone next time, least of all my successful colleague Bilge.

In fact, Mr. Allan, you really saved my future. Heart-broken over my failure to arouse some recognition, I had planned to throw it all over. In fact, in company with another cat-around-the-campus, I had made elaborate plans to go into business. You see, we were going to found the "Pan-Heel Crematorium, Ltd." (limited to natural deaths)—no suicide admitted, and a rosy, rosy future seemed to lie ahead. Moreover, it was to be a very modern enterprise—if you had no respectable ancestral ashes for your family urn you could buy some as substitutes—all done up in satin ribbon and to be paid for by the month. Then every year we were going to startle the town with a huge Fire Sale. My, my—but the dream will never be a reality—I am now dedicated to my art because you, dear Mr. Allan, have given me a new lease on life. An orchid to you, Mr. Allan—and God go with you till we meet again.

Notice

A regrettable error occurred in last Tuesday's issue of The Gateway. The Tivoli advertisement which read "Regular Dance Saturday, Mel Hamill's Orchestra," was incorrect. Mel Hamill plays at the Macdonald Hotel every Saturday night; and the Tivoli Orchestra, under the direction of Frank Sklove, plays at the Tivoli.

The Gateway offers sincere apologies to any who have been caused inconvenience by this mistake.

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THE MACDONALD

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Laura Secord

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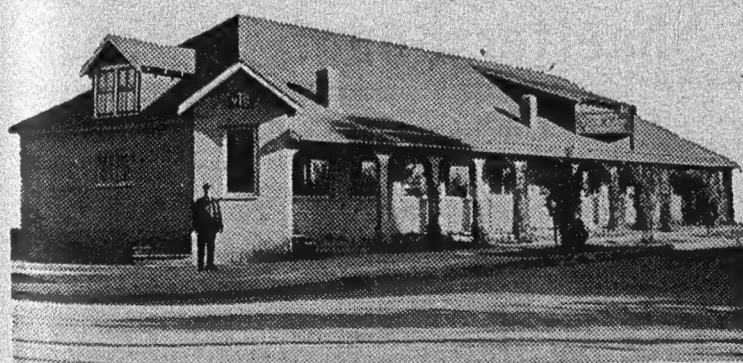
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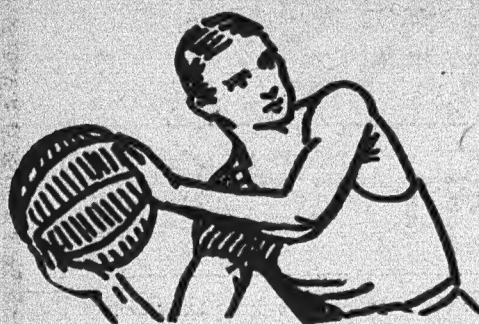
THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE—Sat., Mon. and Tues., Jan. 26, 28, 29: Irene Dunne in "Sweet Adeline."

EMPRESS THEATRE—Mon., Tues. and Wed., Jan. 28, 29, 30: Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcee."

PRINCESS THEATRE—Sat., Mon. and Tues., Jan. 26, 28, 29: Harold Lloyd in "The Cat's Paw."

RIALTO THEATRE—Starting Friday, Dec. 25th, "Broadway Bill" starring Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Walter Connolly and Hellen Vinson. This picture is playing for one week, ending Jan. 31st.



SPORTS



BEARS LOSE TO RAYMOND JACKS LAST NIGHT

Golden Bears Go Down to Three Successive Defeats

Playing Coach McIntyre Outstanding in All Three Games, While Olsen of Calgary Piles Up Highest Score

Despite their valiant attempts, the University of Alberta Golden Bears have suffered three decisive defeats at the hands of three of the four southern teams, namely, the Calgary Wildcats, Lethbridge Aces and Raymond Union Jacks. All teams displayed the fact that experience counts, particularly in the case of Raymond. The Bears, although they were not beaten so terribly badly at any time, showed that they still lack the polish that the other teams possess, particularly the Jacks. In all three games Doug McIntyre has been the outstanding man on the floor, dropping in as many baskets as anyone else and at the same time playing a wonderful defensive game.

Varsity vs. Wildcats
(Special to Gateway)
In the first schedule game the students played this season, they suffered a 40-24 setback at the hands of the Calgary Wildcats in Calgary on Tuesday night. The Cats went right off into the lead and were leading the Bears 17-7 midway through the first half. Then McIntyre and Bib Jam Cherrington led a Varsity rally that resulted in an 18-18 deadlock at half-time. After the breather the Cats opened up it seemed, and scored on every shot, only letting the students drop in the odd basket. Both teams fought until the final whistle, when the score board showed 40-24 for the southerners.

Bears vs. Lethbridge
Throughout the first half of this game, staged on Wednesday night, play was as ragged as has been seen for some time. It seemed as though neither team could find the basket, and the period closed with Lethbridge leading 14-8. After the teams took the floor for the second half the Aces started a scoring streak that seemed interminable, but finally Varsity seemed to be given new life, and they left the home team at a standstill, running in nine points in less than five minutes. But Varsity started too late, the whistle blowing when Varsity down but four points, being beaten 27-23.

Bears vs. Union Jacks
Last night the students went down before Raymond 48-21 in a game that was a struggle from start to finish. Varsity started the scoring, but the Jacks soon dropped in two long shots just for the sake of the game. From then on till the end Raymond put in two for every one of Varsity's. Turner was the outstanding man on the Jacks, being aided by the sharpshooting of Fairbanks, while McIntyre and Anderson carried the students' banner in no mean manner.
The Bears will get a well-earned rest tonight, and should be able to give the Printers Devils a real fight in Calgary tomorrow night.

RINK MANAGEMENT TIGHTENING DOWN

Well, all you boys and girls who have lost your season skating tickets, you had better turn the wastepaper basket upside down and start ram-sacking in that stuffed drawer because old man wolf in the form of the Rink auditor may turn you out into the cold, cold night unless you can produce it. At least that is the substance of the rumor that is floating around. According to this rumor the auditors have announced that they are going to make a check up, and placing a man at the gate, find out how many chaps have lost their tickets (at least their girl friends have them, which is much the same thing). The situation, they say, is becoming intolerable, what with fellows dressing up as girls just to pass the gate, and people leaving their tickets at home by mistake. Warning has been served, they solemnly stated, in a special interview granted to your star Gateway reporter, and the consequences for the next forgetful Romeo will be terrible!

RIGHT IN THERE



JACK TALBOT

Whose brilliant showing last night at the Arena prevented the Dominions from scoring more than the two goals they got.

INTERFAC HOCKEY

HOCKEY

The Arts pucksters blanked the Meds last night 5-0 in a game that was theirs from start to finish. Although the Arts only scored once on the Medical in the first period, all the play was centred in the Meds' territory, despite the valiant attempts of Ray Trott and Lorne Oatway. Smith scored the first goal on a double assist from Des Rosiers and Ussher, the three of them going through the defence and not giving Hall in goal a chance.

In the second period Jim Ussher went through the defence, and drawing Hall out passed the rubber over to West, who had an open goal. The rest of the canto was as evenly balanced as any part of the game. The third period saw the Arts run roughshod over the lagging Meds, and pile up three more goals to their credit. Shortly after the stanza opened Smith had an open goal, but just couldn't see it, and missed by a good margin. However on his next rush he scored on a pass from Des Rosier. The Meds struggled valiantly, and couldn't even score when the Arts were one man short, West being penalized for using his body to too great an advantage. While West was in the cooler, Denovan went down the ice single-handed and rang up another counter, to be followed shortly by another one from Bob Darrah's stick on a pass from West.

The lineups:
Arts—Tallman, West, Borgal, Ussher, Smith, Denovan, Darrah, Jamison, Des Rosiers.

Meds—Hall, Oatway, Tomaschewsky, Trott, Young, Wallace, Johns, Duggan, Claire, Bradley.

The second game of the evening was a much harder fought battle, being waged between the Pharm-Dents and Ag-Com-Law, the former coming out on top by a 2-1 score. The first goal was scored by the Pharm-Dents when Holmes was able to slip the puck past Tomkins in a scramble in front of the goal. It was disputed, but the powers that be claimed it was in, so it must have been. Towards the end of the canto the opposition tied things up when Dewis scored on a pass from Canty. The second period was scoreless, both teams working hard, but not getting anywhere.

In the third period, however, Kendall again put the Pharm-Dents out in front when he scored on a pass from Fraser. The rest of the play was well balanced, but neither team could find a hole to get through, so it ended 2-1. For the winners Stuart, Kendall and Cornett were outstanding, while Tomkins, Love and McCallum turned in a good game for the Ags.

The lineups:
Pharm-Dent — Stuart, Jennijohn, Fraser, Cornett, Kendall, MacCullough, Dixon, Johnstone, Moore, Holmes.
Ag-Com-Law — Tomkins, McCallum, Jackson, Dewis, Love, Canty, Hardacre, Polomark.

SPORTING SLANTS

By Oliver B. Tomkins

If the Golden Bears in their travels to the south had been able to eke out a victory at the expense of Lethbridge on Wednesday night they would have been able to return home with a fairly good record. It was very unfortunate that in the game that they played with Lethbridge they were not able to score the necessary points to get a win. After playing at the short end of the score for most of the game they came back in the last quarter and ran in nine points in five minutes, to make a most valiant attempt to win the game.

Ag-Com-Law suffered another defeat last night at the hands of the Pharm-Dents, who are their closest competitors in the interfac hockey race. Ag-Com-Law have not been able to get a win in the last four starts now after starting out the season with five straight wins. It's just one of those things that happen to most teams that start out the season with a bang. Pharm-Dents are now at the top of the league, although they have played three more games than the Ag-Com-Law team. Ag-Com-Law is suffering from the loss of their leading performer, Bob Gibson, who was recently lost to the seniors, but after a few more games that flashy young forward line of theirs should get back into action and cause more worry to other teams in the league.

And also watch the march of that Arts team in the interfac league. After starting off the season with a series of losses, they have been undefeated in the last five starts and have only had five goals scored against them. The success of the team is undoubtedly due to the good work of their new goalie, Tallman.

And then again in the interfac basketball league there promises to be plenty of argument this year with several of last year's senior players playing for such teams as the Aggies and the Meds. Watch those two teams when they start to mix it up towards the end of the league race this spring. They'll show you as good a brand of basketball as will be seen around here this winter.

Dominions Defeat Varsity In Final League Game

Varsity Goes Down to Defeat After a Strenuous Hard-fought Battle Dunlap and Ferguson Starred for the Losers, While Layetzke Turned in a Masterful Performance For the Motor Men

The game opened at a fast clip, with Dunlap, Ferguson and Woywitka giving the Dominions goalie plenty to do. Play rushed from end to end, and finally on a nice piece of work, Purin opened the scoring for the Dominions after receiving a pass from Darkes. The game became somewhat more speedy, and with the close of the first period Dunlap split the defence, passed to Ferguson on right wing, who had a golden opportunity of tying the score, but Layetzke saved.

The second period had just gotten under way when Talbot raced down left wing, drew the defence to him, and then passed to Dunlap, who made no mistake in finding the net. It was a nice piece of work. Varsity fought a lot harder, and everything began to look somewhat brighter for our boys. They seemed to have an edge on their opponents as far as territorial play was concerned, but lacked finish. With many close calls on either side, Dominions again forged ahead after Gauf found the hem, having received a pass from Colville. Purin and Darkes were especially dangerous at all times, as well as Caldwell. This concluded the scoring for the evening.

The third period found Varsity on the short end of affairs again, and they put on their power play, which just didn't seem good enough to beat that little goalkeeper, Layetzke. Varsity had them bottled up behind their own blue line for minutes at a time, but couldn't score that tying goal.

Towards the end of the third period, with just a few minutes to go, Woywitka and Ferguson were right in on top of Layetzke, but failed to register. Also Stark and Zender had a couple of opportunities to sink that black disc, but also failed to do so.

Thus ended another game in which Varsity had their share of the play, but were outguessed when around the goal. They back-checked like fiends, especially the first line, and gave plenty of support to Maybank in goal. But they had a hard time in scoring.

Dominions — Layetzke, Gillis, Gauf, McTavish, Walker, Bowen, Colville, Purin, Darkes, Caldwell.

Varsity — Maybank, Stark, Talbot, Zender, Dunlap, Ferguson, Woywitka, Gibson, Cruickshank, Gordon.

Referee—Campbell.

Varsity Tournament

Saturday
Men's singles, 7:30.
Morton-Wilson.
Tyso-Pechet.
Men's Doubles, 8 o'clock.
Tyso and Spencer vs. Wilson and Toby.

Sunday, 7 o'clock
Men's Open Singles—
Mitchell-Toby.
Hurlburt-Spencer.
Adamson vs. winner of Pechet and Tyso.

Men's Open Doubles—
Cooper and Mitchell vs. winner of Tyso-Spencer, Wilson-Toby.
Hurlburt and Adamson vs. Johnson and Thomson.

Crawford and Morton vs. winner.
Mixed Doubles—
Mitchell-Aitken vs. Atkinson-Morton.
Cooper and Jarman vs. winners.

Ladies' Singles—
Aitken vs. Jarman.
This tournament will bring together the cream of Badminton players in the province, and should be of interest to anyone who wishes to know how the game is played.

Peggy Aitken and Barbara Jarman, winner and runner-up respectively in the provincial tournament last year, will meet again. Fraser Mitchell, present Varsity champion and provincial champion, will be asked to stave off the efforts of such players as George Crawford, Guy Morton and Harry Cooper. In the men's doubles Cooper and Mitchell will most likely meet Morton and Crawford; the latter team both wield the racquet from the south side and should work well together. One lamentable fact is that the ladies' doubles crown will go undefended by the present holders, viz., Fern Atkinson and Eton Embry, the former Regina star; both find themselves too busy with courses to defend their title.

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